THE

MARGATE HOY

Sung by Mr. Blanchard at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden

with universal applause written by

Mr. T. DIBDIN,

Entd. at Sta Hall

Pr: 1s/

& Composed by

T. ATTWOOD.

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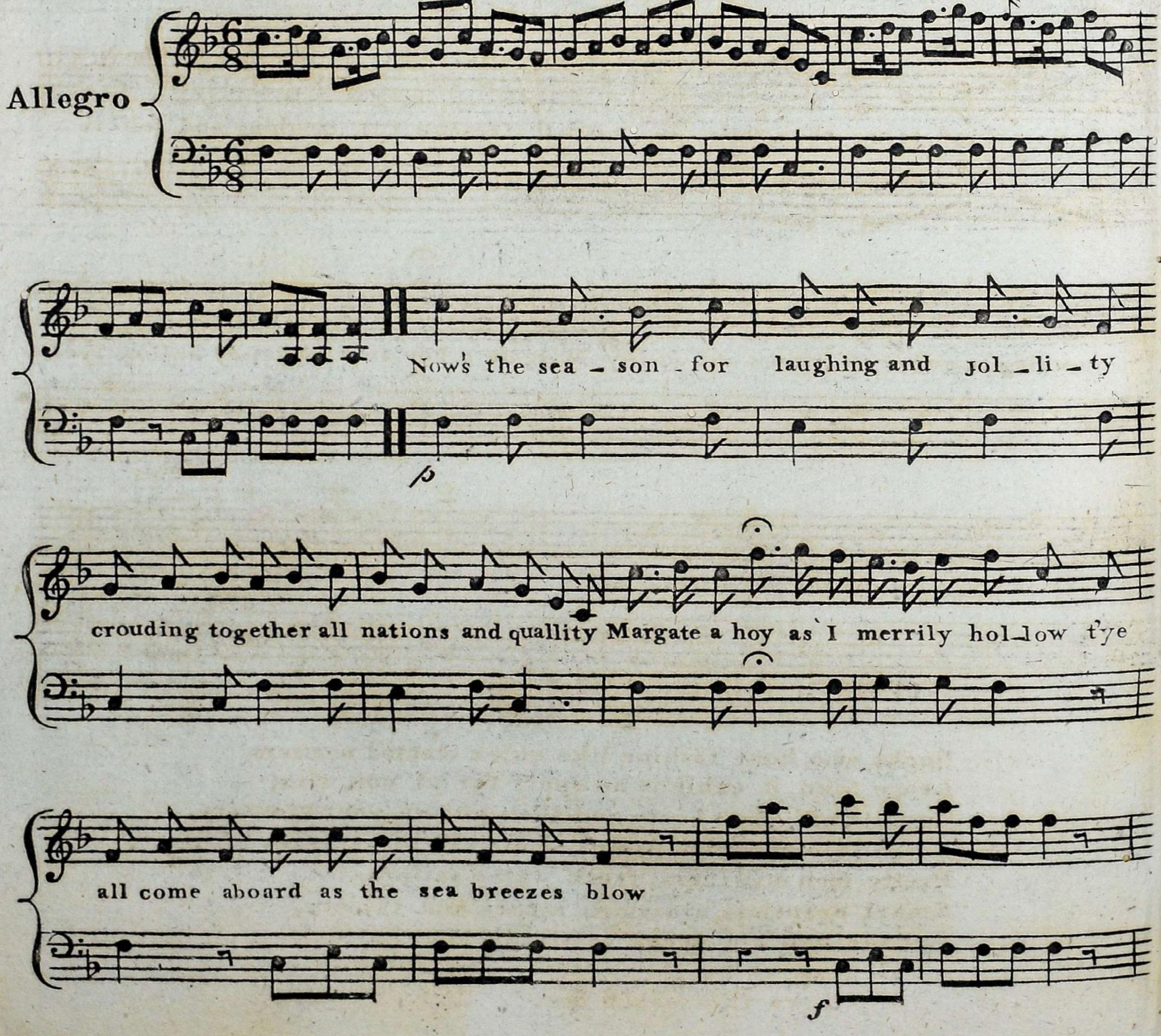

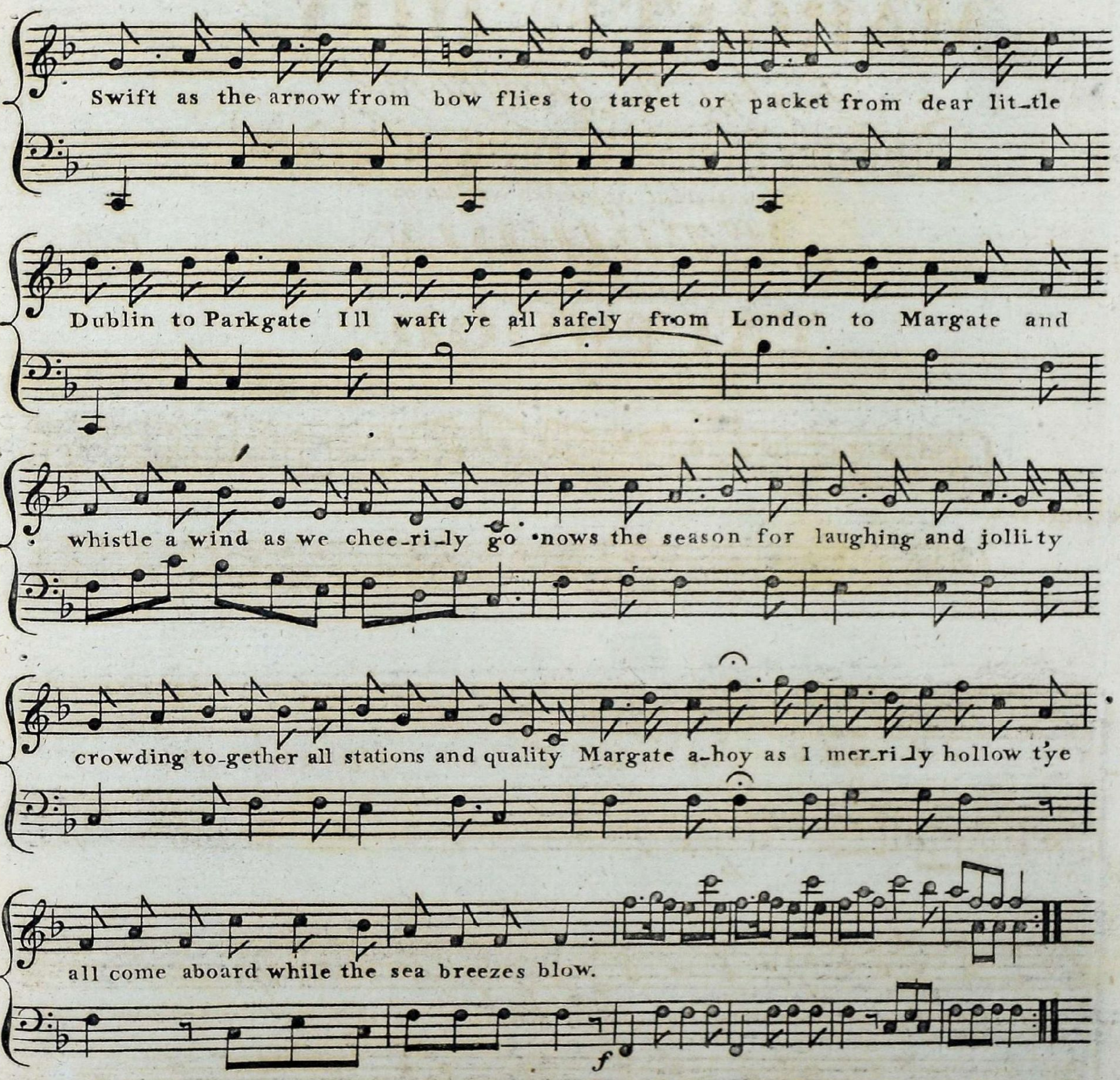

2

Bucks who hunt fashion like quick scented mousers,
Leave town, it exhibits no sport for ye now, sirs,
So pull off your boots and then put on your trowsers,
To join the gay throng, where the sea breezes blow.
Pretty men milliners, fresh water sailors,
Smart prentices, aldermen, actors and taylors,
Let me and old ocean awhile be your jailors,
I'll sing as he rocks, while you cheerily go.
Nows the season &c.